



# The Three Little Birds' Song

Three little birds, perched in a line,  
Sat quietly, feeling just fine.  
Along came a man, humming a tune,  
Under the bright, shiny moon.

The birds looked at each other, eyes bright,  
Thinking, "Does he sing right?"  
They tilted their heads, trying not to giggle,  
Feathers ruffled, with a little wiggle.

"He thinks he's a singer," they chirped in glee,  
"Let's hear his song, let's wait and see!"  
They puffed their chests, ready to critique,  
With beady eyes, playing hide and seek.  
With a hop and a flutter, they laughed in the air,  
"His song's quite funny, but he sings with flair!"  
Their tiny laughter was soft and light,  
Echoing gently into the night.

So curious, these three feathered friends,  
Watching the man as he ascends.  
In their little row, so neat and spry,  
They sang their own song to the sky.